Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shewd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.
Prince. O God, they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearkned to your death:
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.
King. Make up to *Clifton*, i'le to S. *Nicholas Gowsey*. *Exit.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?
Prince. Thou speakst, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.
Prince. Why then I see a very valiant Rebell of that name.
I am the *Prince* of *Wales*; and thinke not, *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Spheare,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince* of *Wales*.
Hot. Nor shall it *Harry*: for the houre is come,
To end the one of us; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine!
Prince. I'le make it greater, e're I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Crest
I'le crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. *Enter Falstaffe.*

Fals. Well said, *Hal*, to it, *Hal*. Nay, you shall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas: he fights with Falstaffe, he fals downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts worse then the sword my flesh:

But

But thought's the slave of life, and life, times foole,
And Time that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O! I could prophesie,
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou art dust,
And food for——
Prince. For Worms, brave *Percy*. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weav'd ambition: how much art thou shrunke?
When that this body did containe a spirit,
A Kingdome for it, was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest Earth,
Is roome enough, this earth that beares thee dead,
Beares not alive so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of zeale;
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalfe, i'le thanke my selfe
For doing these faire rites of tenderneſſe.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven,
Thy ignominy sleepe with thee in the grave,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? poor *Iacke* farewell;
I could have better spar'd a better man;
O, I should have a heavy misse of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity;
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray.
Imboweld will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* ly.

Falstaffe rise up.

Fals. Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day, i'le give you leave to powder me, and eate me too to morrow. Zloud, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant *Scot* had payd me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man

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